Sail presents...
The 2025 Boise Audio Visual Awards Review - Part 1 of 2
An Idaho Epic from a non-Idahoan
INSIDE FRONT COVER:
The 2025 Boise Audio Visual Awards Review - Part 1 of 2 by Sail
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THE STORY:
I soaked a passage in hastily spilt vodka. I sat in the wet and leant forward, pressing the pages through an ancient trouser press. The crank wouldn't crank, but I had to save these big ideas. It snapped! Or was it two, three, more than a page? I felt very warm. Was the trouser press heated?
I woke up face down, and turned to witness sparks. A lamp had fallen next to me, an unwanted source of light, just like its big sister breaking in between the blinds.
I am resting idle on top of a broken ironing board, its once legs pointing to the ceiling, draped with torn, cheap manuscripts. I touch them. They must have arrived from the Dead Sea. There are symbols on the soggy scriptures. A mystery for later.
I wipe my eyes with one of the more complete remnants and it burns with the power of a thousand toaster ovens. The sword of Damocles has come for me in a franchise hotel room. No, wait. Suddenly, a change. It now feels like something covered in spirit. The power of inevitable death lessened after a few blinks. The sword returns from whence it came, retracting into the ceiling. But it waits for me, I can feel it.
I feel around for my glasses and find them parked neatly next to a stack of Gideon's bibles, a kettle decorated with the finest rust, and tea bags which have been torn asunder. There is a ribbed condom in a half drunken cold, milkless brew. The ribbed status is reinforced by the torn wrapper that sits next to the interpreted words of God.

Who and what was drinking who and what in my hotel room? Did the monks expect this? Did they know?
In the corner, a trouser press eyes me with a look of knowledge. Petrified, I root myself to the spot. No, wait. My eyes adjust.
I'd left snowglobes on the shelf above. They came from gift bags, two to be exact. I had more but my hands were unsteady after the big ideas spilt out. The security had eyes everywhere. Eyes like snowglobes. They could be listening to me right now, if they had any ears.
I check the room for potential tapping opportunities. The phone, thankfully, was on the hook. And the other hooks were suffocated by a raincoat and a tailored pinstripe suit jacket. An empty wallet had escaped the inner breast pocket, jumping onto a shoe below.
The notes! The big ideas! Oh, napkins? Scriptures! They're torn. Shredded by the hands of an unwilling god. The ironing board betrayed me, disguising itself to take my life apart like a badly cut wedding cake.
I let it loose into the world. The lamp's sister welcomed the ironing board like a giant eagle suffering from rigor mortis.
You should never drop pennies from the Eiffel Tower.
Wise past advice echoes through my mind as the broken board breaks some more, clipping the bucket, suds, and wiper angel below. This specific type of angel is not typically surrounded by thick shards of tinted glass, nor do they usually come with a cheap hotel chair that is adorned with a waistcoat.
My waistcoat.
And underwear.
I have made a grave error. I placed trust in a plan. You should never tempt fate, and I've tempted more than a European fountain tempts pennies.
You should never drop pennies from the Eiffel Tower.
The wiper angel is gone.
And the bangs at the door suggest I may be on the receiving end of a new Crusade for my error. As a god, of sorts, I am unsure if that is any good or not given sacrifice and transcendence is a common trend in certain Christian circles.
Life is fleeting, and I am fleet footed.
As the rapture beats down my blameless door, I descend, following the guiding path of my beautiful double-stiff ironing board. The betrayer friend I know all too well, considering we only met last night.
The wind cries its cruel intentions. I am lightheaded, surely due to

the thin oxygen at this height. I land. And I stumble. And I scream at the next happenstance descent.
I am going down.
The scream stops immediately, barely escaping my soon to be dead mouth. I somehow reached ground zero. The first floor? I'm unsure what the Americans call the ground. The religious right have potentially renamed it during these trying times, and my limited time in Boise, Idaho has not allowed me to completely understand the local culture.
Above, several entire feet above my head, the angel cries in anguish, waving some strange white appendage in despair. I look down. They have brutally taken a leg from my dear love. The wiper angel waves the leg like a trophy, a scalp, a stolen gift bag. Cruelty pours forth as a second angel appears, pointing at what appears to be a lamp, the little sister. And a third angel, reminiscent of Tab Hunter, shrugs while scanning the hole in the glass. Perhaps that divine creature appreciates that I pulled the blinds up before my error.
Can a court of angels prosecute without a majority? Will Apostle Peter cross reference prior court appearances from the before life? Without a Christian belief, am I in some other jurisdiction, and are these angels committing a hate crime? I remember being told that by a gentleman in a smoking lounge. They kept putting matchbooks in my pockets. Was that Lucifer? Probably. This is a conspiracy against me, a potential god.
I put on my waistcoat and check the little pocket. Inside, a melted piece of licorice, my license, and a credit card. I follow up with the underwear.
The licorice, initially unwilling to depart from my fingertips, sticks to the inner waistline. The sensation is peculiar and unpleasant, like licking a battery that was formerly stuck inside an ancient vibration device, but only if my tongue poked forth from an orifice found on my hip bones. Fortunately, my tongue remains within my alive mouth as I gasp for air. I'd stopped breathing for a while. My hip remains whole, despite the potential arthritis.
All things going well, I could reasonably climb back into my rightful room if the angels descend to this space. There, I could finish dressing myself. The risk of a fatal injury during the climb is high, but the power of these violent Boise angels may be more fearsome than simple pain. After all, I have already faced up to the power of Damocles. I have fallen from the top of the hotel mountain. I have survived Boise, Idaho to this point.